

1770 JULIA to POLLIO.

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UPON HIS

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LEAVING HER ABROAD.

Written some Years ago.

And now first publish'd from the Original Manuscript.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR: *Geo. Nichol*

And sold by Robinson and Roberts, and R. Baldwin, in Paternoster Row; W. Nicoll, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; A. Towers, in Hull; and J. Ogle, in Leeds. 1770.

[Price Two Shillings.]

JULIA TO POLIO

FROM HIS

LEAVING HER ABROAD



WINTER 1840

And now this is the end of the story

L O N D O N

Printed for the AUTHOR

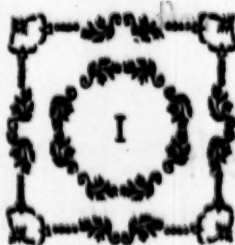
By W. Mitchell and J. Ogle in London
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—Oh ! let the steps of youth be cautious,
How they advance, into a dangerous world ;
Our duty only can conduct us safe :
Our passions are seducers ; but of all,
The strongest love : he first approaches us
In childish play, wantoning in our walks :
If heedlessly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing way,
We're lost ; and hardly to return again ;
We shou'd take warning ; he is painted blind,
To shew us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into.
Therefore let virtue take him by the hand,
Directed so ; he leads to certain joy.

SOUTHERN.

JULIA to POLLIO.



N happier days, by pain or grief oppress'd,
The powers of harmony reliev'd my breast;
How chang'd am I!--the sweet melodious
train,
Touch the soft string, and solemn base in vain;
To me, like discord, trills the warbling flute,
The melting voice, and silver-sounding lute:
Music, the food of love, has none for me,
Since I, incessant, Pollio, pine for thee:
Like statu'd grief, upon the fun'ral urn,
As dumb, as spiritless, I sit and mourn.

Still

Still fancy paints thee, in each feature fair,
 With dignity of form, and martial air ;
 A sight of thee, wou'd make my heart rejoice,
 Nay, leap with transport, if I heard thy voice :
 E'en while pale envy, leagu'd with malice, strove
 To blast my fame, and execrate my love,
 I hung enchanted on thy downy breast,
 And gently lull'd, my throbbing cares to rest.
 O seat of joy ! O softest bliss below !
 Yet death to think, the fruitful seat of woe !

Like some poor pilgrim, wretched and forlorn,
 From my dear father, friends, and country torn ;
 By these cold foreigners despis'd I rove,
 And wail neglected, my perfidious love ;---
 I hear some whisper, as I pass along,
 " 'Tis pity—pity—one so fair and young"—
 While others shake their heads, with scornful sneer,
 Regardless of my fate, and streaming tear :

Shock'd

Shock'd with such treatment, I distracted fly,
 To some sad solitude, to weep and sigh ;
 At length I struggle to subdue my grief,
 Tho' destitute of comfort and relief ;
 In vain I try, to re-compose my mind,
 Till hope, fond soother, whispers thou'lt be kind,
 And after some short pause—O gentle youth,
 Return to prove thy constancy and truth !—

Say, shall I now, my lov'd, my honour'd Lord ;
 Thy soft endearments, softer vows, record ?
 When every word was music---look was love,
 How cou'd'st thou fail, my feeling heart to move !
 By these, thou vanquish'd, and misl'd my pride,
 And banish'd virtue, long my faithful guide.
 While I portray'd in thy accomplish'd mind,
 Beauty and grace, with wit and sense combin'd,
 On thy sweet accents still enamour'd hung,
 A victim doom'd to thy bewitching tongue ;

Too

Too soon by thee the guileful scheme was plann'd,
 And in disguise we fled our native land.
 For thee I plough'd, in open boat, the main,
 Thro' raging billows, and tempestuous rain,
 Defy'd the terrors of the darkest night,
 And all the horrors of a guilty flight.

For thee I left my father's fostering roof,
 To give of love, and friendship, every proof :
 Fair fame, for thee, (a woman's noblest boast !)
 And many a lover wantonly I lost.
 S**y the wife ; and ANSON valiant Peer,
 Sigh'd at my feet---Yet Pollio still was dear !
 Not ev'n * * *, in the flower of age,
 With his vast offers, cou'd my heart engage ;
 No---not to figure, in life's highest scenes,
 A brilliant Duchess, ranking next to Queens.
 Place---pow'r---and titles, had no charms for me,
 My pride---joy---glory---center'd all in thee !

Then

Then can'st thou me, so speedily forget,
 And cancel, all at once, love's tender debt ?
 Say, doth thy breast, ne'er heave for me a sigh,
 No tear for me, steal trickling from thy eye ?
 Ah savage !---Not one single pang to feel !
 Say, art thou made of adamant or steel ?
 But Pollio, charm'd with soft exterior grace,
 Enamor'd falls, with every beauteous face ;
 And vows to each an everlasting flame,
 He vow'd to me,—ten thousand times the same.
 Yet, had he shone an emblem of the dove,
 Or rivall'd Anthony's, immortal love ;
 Thro' distant ages, we had liv'd to fame,
 And while sweet bards, rehears'd our mutual flame,
 My lovers and my friends, confess'd wou'd shine,
 A glorious sacrifice, at Pollio's shrine.

At midnight still, I melancholy rove
 Along this silent, solitary grove ;

C

Ah!

Ah ! once the conscious shades of amorous theft,
 —> Where now to think of thee, is all I've left ;
 Thy form yet haunts me, wheresoe'er I stray,
 Methinks, I see thee, in meridian day ;
 By moonlight plain, in every glimmering shade,
 In thy all-captivating charms, array'd ; <—<
 Thy tender vows, in every breeze, I hear,
 Or else, the whispering leaves, deceive my ear ;
 Around the sacred oak, my arms, I twine,
 Whose faithful bark records, thy love and mine,
 Still fondly kiss, my Pollio's darling name,
 Till grief extinguishes, my glowing flame :
 Reflecting then upon thy perjur'd love,
 I stand aghast—without the pow'r to move ;
 Till Philomela swells her warbling throat,
 And softly soothes me, with her love-lorn note.

See, Cynthia sheds, her silver rays around,
 And gilds yon fragrant bow'r, and flowery ground ;
 Where

Where I have lain, encircled in thy arms,
 Fed on thy eyes, and feasted on thy charms ;
 Clasp'd to thy breast, despis'd all prying fools,
 Kifs'd thy sweet lips, and lov'd, beyond all rules !
 Essay'd, each blandishment, of female art,
 To raise thy passions, and secure thy heart ;
 Soft words, kind looks, warm kisses, tender sighs,
 With all the winning rhetoric of eyes ;
 Till, my dear Pollio, panted on my breast,
 With more, than sympathetic ardour, prest !
 O self-deluding love ! O fleeting bliss !
 The melting transport ! the hyblean kiss !
 Like beauteous colours, which some flow'rs display,
 Whose genial warmth, in blooming, dies away.

Ah ! why shou'd I, such fading joys regret,
 And downy peace, and balmy sleep, forget ?
 As on the wave, the bouyant cork, we find,
 So floats, love ill-requited, on the mind,

Say,

Say, was it kind, to leave me here alone,
 To mingle tear with tear, and moan with moan ?
 Unkinder still, to treat me with disdain,
 When manacled, in love's tyrannic chain.
 Was it for this, I left the Queen of Isles,
 And lost my father's soft endearing smiles ?
 Was it for this, I sunk my towering fame,
 And stain'd my honour, with life-lasting shame
 O pander vile ! O bane of womankind !
 Restore my virtue, and sweet peace of mind !
 O not of human, but satanic race,
 A serpent downward, with an angel's face !
 Still hast thou sworn, by every pow'r above,
 Never to leave me, nor withdraw thy love ;
 Nay, still to cherish me, with fond esteem,
 And make life pass, as in a golden dream.
 Away to Albion—o'er the waves, go fly,
 There on some beauty fix, thy roving eye ;

Go

Go—blast her honour, blast her blooming charms,
 Thus tell her, Julia, wither'd in thy arms.
 Go—and abjure her love, announce her shame,
 Leave her, like me, the shadow of a name.

Her daring warriour, fair Aminda saw,
 As false as thee, inhumanly withdraw :
 Nay trim his sails, and destin'd course pursue,
 Without one parting kiss ; one soft adieu !
 Like some fair flow'r, her early beauty bloom'd,
 With all the fragrance of the rose perfum'd ;
 Like yon bright orbs, her eyes resplendent shone,
 Where Venus fix'd a while, her wandering throne ;
 Till that base spoiler came, in evil hour,
 And rifled all her sweetness, all their pow'r ;
 No bright carnations since, her cheeks disclose,
 Nor in her eye, the living lustre glows ;
 But pale distress, and haggard sorrow, now
 Triumphant sit upon her fading brow.

D

For

For thee, dear friend, I breathe the sigh sincere,

To thee, I dedicate, this gushing tear :

Perhaps like thine, shall my frail form decay,

My beauty fade, as some vain dream away.

✓ Alas, like thee, shall I despair and ^{mourn} ~~mean~~ ! *Stupid*

Nor dare to hope, my Pollio, will return !

Sure mild humanity shou'd prompt the brave,

The fair from insult, to protect and save :

O basely vile ! to steal a virgin's fame,

And then consign, to infamy her name :

Or like a blight, mildew her vernal bloom,

And withering waft her, to the mournful tomb,

Without one friend to grace her sable bier,

And pay to death, the tributary tear.

Can I forget, the lively days of youth,

When led to virtue, by the hand of truth !

When innocence sat smiling in my eye,

Alien to me, a guilty wish or sigh ;

As

As gay and sprightly, as the playful herds,
 And musical, as in the spring the birds.
 Accurs'd for ever be the fatal day,
 When first my eyes on Pollio's chanc'd to stray,
 Accurs'd for ever be the fatal hour,
 When o'er my will he gain'd despotic pow'r :
 O trebly curs'd be his deluding tongue,
 With falsehood, mischief and destruction hung ;
 Too soon he saw my soft unguarded heart,
 Was not impervious to love's gentle dart ;
 Too soon he conquer'd—but alas to show
 What vary'd ills, from guilty passions flow !
 Alas, I feel vindictive conscience dart
 Ten thousand daggers thro' my tortur'd heart,
 Fetter'd and bound in Hell's detested chain,
 I feel, I feel—eternal grief and pain !
 O mem'ry say—hath cruel fate decreed,
 For ever thus to make my bosom bleed !

Curs'd

Curs'd like Prometheus to endure the smart,
 Of guilt's keen vulture gnawing at my heart ;
 Fix'd like Ixion on the whirling wheel,
 The last severities of sin to feel.

Direct me, Pollio, whither now to fly !
 Direct me where to catch the pitying eye !
 Shall I return to Albion's bloomy isle ?
 No welcome there—no opening door, or smile !
 Dead to my father—dead to every friend,
 Dead ev'n to hope—my sorrows have no end !

Where must I roam—to what far distant clime,
 Where fame can't follow, and divulge my crime :
 All, all, have sworn to treat me with disdain,
 Never to own, or shelter me again ;
 Here will I sit, abandon'd and forlorn,
 And like that gloomy taper, waste and mourn :
 With ghastly aspect, and desponding air,
 Here, see me here, the image of despair !

O for

O for a sword to ease this mortal strife,
 Or poison'd draught to end this wretched life !
 Can I forget the gem, that Pollio stole,
 A gem as dear, as my immortal soul !
 Can I forgive him, in the pangs of death,
 No, no, I'll curse him, with my latest breath !

O helpless innocence, of love beware !
 Avoid in time the pander's artful snare,
 O still be deaf to his enchanting tongue,
 Attun'd, with all the melody of song :
 Alluring, specious, tender, sweet and warm,
 With every grace, to captivate and charm :
 He wins the ear, each softer passion fires,
 And the coy virgin's breast, with love inspires,
 While she, unconscious of his guilty aim,
 Now kindling feels, a sympathetic flame,
 Enamour'd hangs, attentive to his strains,
 That pour the poison, thrilling thro' her veins.

E

Perceiving

Perceiving this, he next applies his art,
 To steal her honour, as he stole her heart.
 Ah ! cou'd persuasion dwell upon my tongue,
 My hapless fall, shou'd warn the fair and young,
 Protect those blooming charms, and sparkling eyes,
 That lawless libertines, still make their prize.

Happy ye Nymphs ! who led by honour, shine
 Fair candidates of fame, at virtue's shrine ;
 Hymen for you adorns his sacred bowers,
 With never-failing wreaths, and fragrant flowers.
 Successive joys, from his chaste altars rise,
 And all life's noble, soft, endearing ties.

Turn not to thought,—alas ! my mad'ning brain,—
 For such as me, unnumber'd woes remain ;
 Blest as I am, with that sweet blooming boy,
 My only hope and comfort, pride and joy ;
 Will he forgive me, when he comes to know,
 His parents guilt, from whence his sorrows flow ;

And

And tamely bear rebuke, reproach and scorn,
 Or curse, the very moment he was born !
 Poor babe ! depriv'd of kindred, friends and name,
 At once his tender mother's joy and shame.—

Yet, yet, I feel thy father's last embrace,
 Still mark his features, in thy lovely face ;
 Come with thy smiling looks, thy harmless play,
 Come, kiss these melancholy tears away
 O one—one more—'tis sure no crime in me,
 To toy or fondle so, my child, with thee !
 Joy of my soul—to me than life more dear,
 Why throbs thy bosom ? or why bursts that tear ?
 O early sympathy ! O early love !
 Ye angels bless him, from your realms above !
 O smile my charmer ! sooth my aking breast,
 And let me lull thee, in my arms to rest.

Inhuman wretch ! how cou'd his cruel Sire,
 Unknown to me, aboard his yatcht retire ;

And

And bid his seamen croud the flying sails,
 When fair for Britain blew th' auspicious gales,
 My foes triumphant, brought too soon the news,
 And me they feign'd to comfort and amuse ;
 Struck with surprize, I had not pow'r to speak,
 My bosom heav'd, as if my heart wou'd break.
 On that detested day, these lips were seal'd,
 And sullen silence, every pang conceal'd,
 Fix'd were my eyes, upon one wretched spot,
 The pow'rs of motion every limb forgot,
 While stiff'ning sorrow sunk into my soul,
 And from my bosom every comfort stole.

When night, close round, her starless curtain drew,
 The whistling winds a raging tempest blew,
 The light'ning blaz'd ! the thunder peeling roar'd !
 While I thy danger, and thy loss deplor'd ;
 The roof ev'n crack'd, when lo ! a ball of fire,
 Levell'd in dust, the ivy-mantled spire !

With

With fears distracted, I began to rave,
 Methought, I saw thee, swallow'd in a wave,
 I started from my couch, quite out of breath,
 In hopes to snatch thee, from the jaws of death ;
 But when I saw not thee, my love, arise,
 The house resounded, with my piercing cries ;
 My servants came, and trembling ope'd the door,
 And found me fainting, speechless on the floor.

But soon resentment rose, my breast to shock,
 Then, then I wish'd thee, dash'd upon a rock ;
 Ev'n now I feel, vindictive anger rise,
 And indignation flashing from my eyes,
 Methinks I see, thy treach'rous sails, expand,
 That left me ruin'd, on this hated strand,
 Oh ! for the wings of winds, to urge my way,
 For injuries like mine, won't brook delay,
 I must pursue thee, o'er the bellowing main,
 And full revenge, for every wrong obtain.

F

Blow,

Blow, blow ye winds ! from every quarter blow !
 As swift as light'ning, on your wings I go.
 Assist me fiends !—at Pollio point the storm,
 Tear out his eyes, disfigure all his form,
 Indignant cast him, to the sharks for food,
 Impurpled be the billows with his blood !

In vain I grieve, and agonize my heart,
 In vain I try to play a Roman part ;
 In vain I seek for comfort, hope for rest,
 For ever still, by rage or love opprest.
 Yet love, fond love, oft prunes his ruffled wings,
 And tunes to harmony, my vital strings ;
 Ev'n now, cou'd I, if faithless Pollio, rose,
 Forget my fury, and disband my woes,
 Fly to his arms, obedient to his will,
 And from his absence, love him, dearer still !
 Thus, some fond mother mourns, whose only son,
 Unknown to her, to foreign wars had run ;

Yet

Yet from the camp, when he returns at last,
 To her warm breast, she clasps her darling fast,
 And melting into softness, can't complain,
 Each kiss is a reward, for all her pain.

O let me fly, to our belov'd retreat,
 And think I view thee, on thy wonted seat :
 Arriv'd at length—see—see—I now survey
 My warrior, Pollio, gallant still and gay ;
 But ah ! thy phantom, like a fleeting dream,
 Soon leaves me fainting, in love's burning beam,
 Till down I sink, upon the velvet green,
 A slave to passion, and a prey to spleen.

O Pollio come, and bless my longing arms,
 Ah ! quit once more thy consort's blooming charms,
 Return ah ! no—'tis kinder far to stay,
 And every nuptial rite of love to pay.
 I shall relapse—ye guardian pow'rs descend,
 And wretched Julia from his charms defend !

No

No more let me behold his smiling face,
 No more admire his fascinating grace ;
 No more let whispering winds his vows repeat,
 Or fancy paint him votive at my feet !
 For ah ! last night, when all seem'd wrapt in death,
 Clos'd every eye—the wind scarce drew his breath—
 By fancy tortur'd, as I slumbering laid,
 Methought I saw his consort's mournful shade,
 Grief and despair sat pictur'd in her eyes,
 With terror struck—I trembling strove to rise.
 To urge her wrongs, she told me here she came,
 And bade me wake to infamy and shame !
 With many a grievous sigh, and gushing tear,
 To know insisted, if her Lord was here.
 He's mine, she cry'd, by every tie above,
 My life, my soul, my husband, and my love !
 Long, long detested be thy syren-tongue,
 With wily arts, and soft allurements hung ;

Curs'd

Curs'd be the enchantment of thy cyprian charms,
That wrested Pollio from my widow'd arms.
Awake---restore him to my bleeding breast,
Awake---repent---can souls like thine have rest!
Still, still, she urg'd the wrongs I'd done her bed,
Till I awoke, and strait the vision fled.

Witness, O earth! and ye bright hosts above,
I here renounce him, as my lord and love!
Behold I rend him from my trembling heart,
And with such pangs as soul and body part;
Yet one---one struggle---O what pain to move,
And tear up every string of rooted love!
The danger's over, now the trial's past,
And I regain my liberty at last!

When kind oblivion shall humanely veil
The guilty joys, my mem'ry long must wail,
Grac'd with celestial charms, CONTRITION rise,
What, what avail these fruitless tears and sighs?

G

By

By grief, disgrace, by shame, by sin oppress,
 Tumultuous passions harrow up my breast ;
 "What is life's stage ? but scenes of guilt and care,
 Delusive, specious, flattering, false and fair !
 Arise bright maid !---O guide me thro' the way,
 That leads to glory, and immortal day ;
 Explore my breast, nor let one sin remain,
 With black impurity my soul to stain.

To sylvan scenes where meditation dwells,
 To gloomy grottoes, or to pensive cells,
 O let me fly—and from the croud retire,
 Misled by pleasure, or by vain desire ;
 There let me weave religion's sacred bower,
 Enamell'd round, with every pleasing flower ;
 Let Flora here, her fairest forms expand,
 And owe new beauty, to my nurt'ring hand ;
 O spring to life ! ye lilies of the vale,
 And blushing hyacinths, and violets pale ;

In

In mingled hues let bright carnations blow,
 And roses red in mossy verdure glow.
 Ye tulips shine, in painting's vary'd die,
 And rival Iris arch'd across the skie !
 Shoot, shoot ye woodbines, to enwreath my bowers,
 And wrap me weeping, in a veil of flowers !

In sweet embowering groves, and fruitful fields,
 To piety, each soft affection, yields ;
 Let music here, my meditation aid,
 Here sounds seraphic breathe along the shade.
 With me, ye warbling larks, attune your praise,
 With me, ye Philomels, your voices raise ;
 In one full chorus let our matins rise,
 And evening incense reach the starry skies.

O had I early trod, these flowery plains,
 And liv'd, unknown, to glittering courtly swains,
 Unquestion'd fame, with spotless honour still,
 Had bow'd obedient to a father's will !

But

But every blessing I with virtue lost,
 And all his tender hopes, and wishes crost ;
 How cou'd I wander, in the paths of shame,
 Or wantonly degrade his honour'd name !
 Far happier far ! a lunatic I'd been,
 Sequester'd still, in some sad sylvan scene,
 Than so return my parent's anxious love,
 And wilfully, the vilest ingrate prove !
 In fancy here, methinks, I see him rise,
 With rage, distress, and sorrow in his eyes ;
 Ah ! don't accuse me, O my gracious Sire !
 Still, still let pity your kind breast inspire,
 Lo ! at your feet your once lov'd Julia falls,
 And for your tender pray'r, your blessing calls,
 Ah ! in my lineaments my mother's view !
 Then recollect her tender love for you !
 Tho' she ne'er virtue's sacred cause betray'd,
 She pity'd those, who from her paths had stray'd.

But

But nought can lessen, or absolve my crime,
 Not even tears, or grief, or length of time,
 Yet what you can't forget—O do forgive,
 And bid your wretched daughter rise and live !

Away, ye ornaments, of pomp and show,
 And let me wear the sable weeds of woe,
 No more shall rubies, round me dart their rays,
 Or sparkling diamonds with incessant blaze ;
 No more these melting eyes shall love inspire,
 No more my bosom heave with fond desire :
 O let me learn fair wisdom's noblest part,
 To purge the passions, and refine the heart ;
 Exalted rise o'er infamy and shame,
 And wipe dishonour from my fully'd fame :
 Employ my present hours, my future days,
 In pray'rs, austerities, and hallow'd praise.

Yet still to me, thro' yon unfolding spheres,
 With vengeance clad, an injur'd God appears ;

H

Angels

Angels descend ! and with your golden wings,
 O shade me guilty, from the King of Kings !
 Fall on me mountains ! fall ye cloud-capt steeps,
 Conceal me, from him, in the deep of deeps !
 Enthron'd in majesty, in grace divine,
 Can he forgive, a sinful soul like mine !
 Fall, fall ye rocks ! protect me, from his rage,
 But stop—he opes—the everlasting page,
 Where grav'd on adamant, all glorious see,
 The great, stupendous ransom, paid for me !
 With angels, and archangels, let me raise,
 Extatic hymns, in my Redeemer's praise.
 Light of the world ! O fount of boundless grace !
 To snatch from fiery darts, our fallen race ;
 O Israel's hope ! O rose of Sharon hail !
 O hear thy penitent, her crimes bewail !
 O but for thee, she now condemn'd, must go,
 To flaming regions, and eternal woe !

But

But thou, O Lamb of God ! methinks I hear,
 Repeat these words, divinely sweet and clear,
 Come ALL to me, by weight of sin oppress'd,
 I'll ease your burden, and refresh your breast.

I come, I come ! ye angels lend me wings,
 I come to bathe, in his life-giving springs,
 Attune for me, your silver harps above,
 I'll change a mortal—for immortal, love.
 Look, look, methinks, within yon opening skies,
 All-blooming palms, in cherubs hands arise,
 While songs ineffable, bright seraphs raise,
 Around their heads, the starry splendours blaze ;
 Celestial symphonies accost my ears,
 And angels hail me, to yon glittering spheres ;
 Rapt into extacy, behold I see
 On sapphire clouds, bright hosts descend for me !
 While streaming round me, floods of glory shine,
 I mount, I mount ! to sounds of harps divine.

Hark—

Hark—the glad trump, a day of joy proclaims,
All heaven for me, with festal triumph, flames!
See, see, the penitent, now soars above,
To melt in raptures, of eternal love.

F. N. S.

~~ERRATUM. Page 14 line 5th, for mean read mourn.~~